**Random Barnaby Oneshots**

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# Random Barnaby Oneshots

by Thanatophobia (PuddieBlackCat)

Summary

This is a series of oneshots that take place in the STH Academy Universe. I initally didn't want a Poppy Playtime repeat but here's oneshots.

This is a work of fiction. Any semblance to anyone living or dead is entirely coincidential.

Notes

THIS IS A WORK OF FICTION. ANY SEMBLANCE TO ANYONE LIVING OR DEAD IS COINCIDENTIAL.

See the end of the work for more notes

# Chapter 1

It was quiet at the abandoned mansion. The coffin shaped window glowed ominously and a figure that is blacker than obsidian walked by it. Most claimed that there's a dangerous entity inside of that mansion. But the only people who never got that memo end up disappearing. Those who do get that memo and choose to head inside... Are either fucking idiots or supernatural fanatics. I know of these rumors, but I'm going inside for a different reason: extra credit for Professor Rouge. *What is that extra credit?* I hear you ask. Easy: find the most beautiful gemstone in the world. And unfortunately, I heard that the old mansion has such a gem.

I enter the old mansion against my better judgement. *If Headmaster Sonic finds out that I used one of his travelling rings to get here, he is going to shart a brick.* I thought. I glance around, my green eyes landing on an orange gem. *This is probably a trap. But fuck my autism and stupidity.* I told myself. I breathed in and let my fingers curl around the gem. It was bright orange and round. It felt good holding such a gem. *Easiest extra credit EVER. Professor Rouge is going to love it and probably give me the easiest A in the world.* I thought.

The travelling ring was getting heavy in my pocket and I took a moment to admire the painting over the fireplace. It looked like an anthropomorphic bird. The fireplace had a cozy fire and I was half tempted to curl up next to the fire and nap. *Go home. Sonic is worried.* I told myself, about to leave.

Then I hear a fruity, male voice demand, "Stealing my stuff, are we!?" I freeze, turning towards the doorway. I turn to look at the owner of the voice and my stomach churned. There was a gigantic figure blocking my exit. The first thing I noticed was that the figure was blacker than obsidian. Then I looked past the bird legs, up the bright purple tweed jacket and past the bowtie. That face... Ugh. That face is going to haunt my nightmares for the rest of my life. The mouth was just a beak. The eyes are bright orange and filled with insanity. The beak opened, and the fruity voice escaped from that beak, "I ought to just kick you out!"

I trembled since the size of this bird was *massive.* Then the giant bird glanced at me again. I didn't want to fuck around. So I started running. I didn't get far. *Stupid. Why didn't you shift into your original form!?* I cursed myself as I felt a talon wrap itself around my waist. I felt myself get higher and I shove the gem in my bra. "Drop it!" I shout, making my voice crisp and sharp.

Then the giant bird eyed me, one huge eyeball trained on me. I knew he was examining me closer. "Wait a minute... You're not dead." The bird muttered, then he exclaimed, hooting, "You're not dead at all! Hoo-hoo!" He put me down, his face shifting. Then he pulled out a knife. "Are you here for the party?" The bird asked.

"Uh, yes?" I reply, praying to Chaos that this was the right answer.

"Well, my dear. You're not going dressed like that!" The owl exclaimed. I glance at my outfit, which is a T-shirt, a denim jacket and a pair of jeans. I couldn't see what was wrong with it, so I glare at the bird. "I got something much more appropriate!" The bird exclaimed.

"Don't you think we should introduce ourselves?" I asked, being cordial. Something told me that being sassy is not a good idea. "My name is... Li Black. What about you?"

"Ah, my dear. My name is Barnaby Wiffleflapper!" The owl introduced himself, grabbing my hand with one talon and nuzzling his head on my hand. *Sounds Jewish. I think we're going to be getting along well.* I thought, calming down a little. The next thing he said made me rethink my life choices. "So, how do you like to die, my dear? Would you like to be *stabbed? Strangled? Oh-hoo! What about poison? That* kind of

death is my favorite!" He offered me an apple, but something told me not to eat it. It could be the sickly green glow. I'm not sure.

"Let's pick out something to wear, and when I'm dressed, we can discuss the manner of my death. Is that fine with you?" I ask, hoping I prolonged it enough to make my escape with the travelling ring.

"Splendid idea! I've got the perfect thing for you!" Barnaby ushered me out with a sweep of his wing. Then he dropped his voice, "Dear. I believe you have something of mine."

"I'll return it when I'm dressed. I promise." I whisper back. My fingers were crossed inside of that jacket. He started walking me towards a boudoir, his height towering over me. I silently prayed to Chaos that I pulled this off. Barnaby ushered me into a room, his obsidian feathers gleaming in the light. Then he pulled out several dresses.

"Pick one out, please. I personally like the red dress." Barnaby pressed, hooting when he was done. Then he pulled out a knife and I knew exactly why he loved the red dress: to hide the blood stains.

I shooed the owl out, scared that he would peek at me or worse. Then I pulled out the travelling ring and whispered, "Green Hill Zone." I chucked it at a wall, watching the ring grow to the size of a human. Then I made my bold escape, sprinting through the ring. I spat, "Sike!" Then I began to run back to STH Academy.

I didn't get far. I ran right into my bully, Emma Warren. Her pink spikes shook as she sneered, "Life is sex and wine!"

"I honestly don't give a fuck!" I yelled.

"Pet, you're just a stupid Sasquatch of an American." She replied flippantly.

I heard a rustling of wings, and I knew that I was fucked. "Trying to run away from your death, dear? Or are you avoiding my little party? Oh-hoo! And I see you got a plus one." I turn to see Barnaby blocking the sun. His grin looked downright menacing. "I'll seranade you at the party!" I saw the knife before Emma. I could hear her begin to ask a question, but that was when Barnaby swung. The knife glinted in front of my face as I dodged it. Emma wasn't so lucky. She glanced down at her torso then at me. Her face paled as Barnaby pulled the knife out. She was dead before she hit the ground, her eyes staring at nothing.

Before Barnaby could try to slash at me with his people opener, I shifted into my original form and sped at the speed of sound. *This is going to be a pain in my ass to explain to Sonic exactly how Emma died.* I noted, running through Hedgehog Pass as quickly as possible. I was taking all sorts of crazy detours just to ensure that I wasn't followed by that well dressed, homicidal owl. *It's always the well dressed ones that tend to fuck up your day.* I mused, deciding not to fuck around and find out.

# Chapter 2: stalked

Chapter Summary

> I know it's been a long time but I was kinda forced to rebrand for safety reasons. No thanks whatsoever goes to the weirdos who stalked me, harassed me with a fish and bull story about Black Gryph0n with no concrete evidence, and making fun of my stuff in a livestream. Leave me the fucking hell alone. And if you are wondering about the Barnaby hugging a figure in a blue hoodie thing on my Tumblr and Twitter and getting ready to kill them, the blue hoodie figure is supposed to be Al Hedgehog, the adopted kid of Sonic the Hedgehog. I looked in the mirror at myself from the back to get the hairstyle just right. It wasn't an easy feat and it was a teaser for this chapter.

Chapter Notes

> I can't believe I have to say this because of bunch of parasocial idiots getting too comfortable with disrespecting my boundaries, but this is a work of fiction. Any semblance to any real persons living or dead is entirely coincidential. For fucks sake, I shouldn't have to state the fucking obvious. But it's clear that someone has shit for brains!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

***i do not consent to my fanfics to be scraped by AI in any way, shape or form.***

I was having a rough time. I start feeling like I was being stalked. I'm constantly glancing over my shoulder, expecting to be pounced on. One day, Airalain took me aside and showed me a Green Drive document. It made me have a heart attack. It read, "Al Hedgehog is evil!" Then it showed every interaction I had with a student named Jessi... and it did not look good. I tried turning to Headmaster Sonic but he dismissed my words. People start whispering about me everywhere, calling me all sorts of nasty names. *Eggman defender. (newfangled slur for Jewish people that starts with a z). Acephobe* (the last one made zero sense to me because I'm asexual). *Murderer. (slur for asexuals).*

It got so bad that I started considering taking my life. I start spending less time in my hedgehog form and more time in my Barnaby form, hoping that if I get stuck like that, I wouldn't have to take the pain of living with the nasty things anymore.

It didn't take long for Sonic to notice. It took him nine months to see that I wasn't doing well. I was spending more time in my dorm, not really wanting to get up anymore due to having trash thrown at me. I sob in my pillow, thinking the only friend I got is Airalain, but even then I didn't trust her because she was speaking with one of my bullies. I constantly shrink back and try to hide, but it was enough to get Sonic to do something drastic.

I spend my days sobbing into my pillow in my dorm, curled up tight in my duvet covers and in my Barnaby mode. Sonic approached me, entering my now messy dorm and approaching me. I did not look good. My feathers were half melting into cobalt spikes, my green eyes were dripping glowing green tears, the duvet covers were rumpled and my ear feathers were ruffled. My blue glow was a faint and tired blue, and there were tissues littering the floor. "Al. We need to talk." Sonic's voice was firm.

I grumble back, my neck stretching as I shove my face in his. My voice was a soft icy sound. "You will refuse to believe me because you think that I'm a stalker and defender of Eggman!" I spit coldly, my sharp blue teeth flashing.

"This is what I'm talking about, Al. I looked into the complaints numerous times. I think it's time for you to see Barnaby." Sonic's voice carried a tone of authority. I pause.

"Barnaby?" I ask, voice tinged with suspicion.

"Yes. Ever since Barnaby and I made the arrangement for split custody, he... they have been wanting to see you." Sonic replied, flashing his own fangs at me. My ear feathers laid back as Sonic climbed up close. "As your headmaster, I hereby place you under mental health detainment." Those words hit me like a two ton brick.

"D-Detainment!?" I ask, now sitting up in shock. My beak melted into a pale peach muzzle, and I turn into a hedgehog out of shock.

"Al Hedgehog, you have been showing signs of depression, anxiety and other things. You snapped at staff, been very on edge, and have been missing classes. The lie about you stalking people is clearly taking a serious toll on you." Sonic's words hit me. Then he walked to my wardrobe and packed my waistcoat and finest Southern Belle dress. He pulled out all of my pajamas and folded them neatly. He was so quick in packing that I didn't have time to react. "Barnaby and I both had a conversation and decided that you need time away from the school so that I can properly evaluate the situation." Sonic stated firmly as he shoved me into a portal. I was unaware that the new student Jessi followed me.

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I wound up getting stuck in a grave. A shallow one. But still, my claustrophobia kicked in and I punched my way out. I peek my head up just as the gates to Barnaby Manor opened with a loud creak. I cover my ears and stim, pulling on a few quills before starting to make my way up the lawn stairs. I gaze around at the gravestones as I got to the top of the stairs. Despite the morbid appearance, I couldn't help but smile at the puns. *Rattle M. Bones, C. Ya Later, Rustin Peace...*

I turn to the coffin shaped door as it opened. I roll in with a spin dash and screech to a halt. I smile grimly as I remember Professor Knuckles' stories about climbing through Pumpkin Hill- I shake my head and start parkouring. I was definitely a blur as I sped in the parlor, expecting to see Barnaby. I don't see him in there... my quills sag. Then they perk up as I hear snoring in the living room. *Snnnnr... hoo hoo hoo hoo...*

I run towards the sound and screech to a halt. Then I see the orange gem floating. I knew exactly how to wake Barnaby up... if playing *Billie Bust Up* taught me anything. I leap up, using several tactical spin dashes and jumps as I got onto the mantle via floating books. Then I approach the gem and stare at it. "Just as pretty as a Chaos Emerald." I muse before digging out my slingshot and firing a puffball at it. The gem shuddered and floated... the shadows gathering together in a slimy and viscous way. Then Barnaby boomed, his orange eyes glowing in fury, "Trying to steal my stuff, are we!? That's not very nice! With manners like that, I should-" I shapeshifted into my human form.

"Sorry, Mom..." I mumble, kicking my red and white sneakers at the ground. I was in a bad state in my human form. My blue and brown hair was tangled in knots and I had bags under my eyes. Barnaby froze, his face frozen in Picasso.

Then his feathers laid back. "Little bird. Al... what's going on? Hoo hoo?" That night colored owl asked, stretching his neck close to me. I start infodumping a little bit too fast, rambling about my troubles. He interrupted me by hugging me tight. "Slow down! Slow down! I may be eternally 26 and 80 years your senior but you seem distressed."
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I finally slowed down and told him about Jessi, the passive agressive comments, the document, everything. Even the stalking. Barnaby listened quietly, too quietly. When I was done, he nudged me towards his Barnaboos on the couch. "Be with my pretties for a minute, little one. Mama Bird has something to ***deal with***." He stormed out, his hips swaying. I follow, watching him spread his wings. The sight was both awesome and terrifying as he leaped and started flying. I do got to admit that he looks a little goofy flying into the dark green sky. His form briefly eclipsed the hexagon moon and he vanished into a portal.

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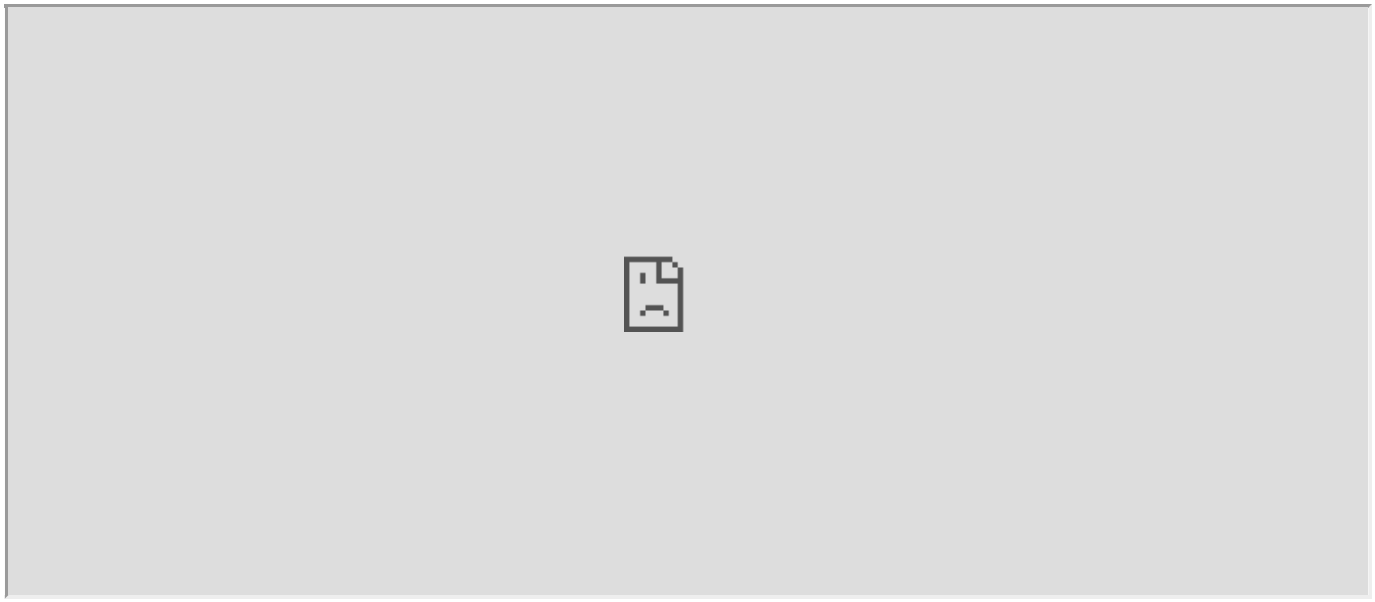
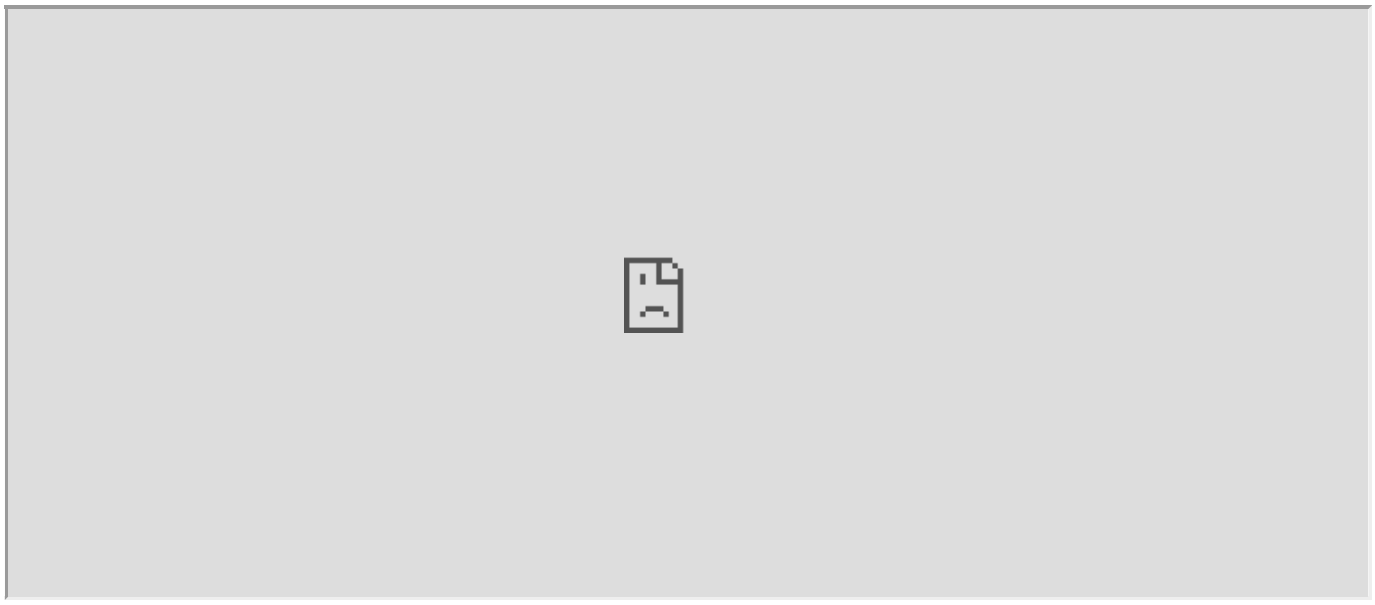


Jessi was now officially scared as she danced faster. Her sides began to ache... almost as if her spleen was under duress... then the song changed again and she screamed as her sides tighten in almost inexcruciable pain. She panicked as she realized too late that death a la Black Gryph0n is coming... Fast. She didn't realize that these new songs were based on games and shows.



Then there was a sickening pop... And Jessi's vision got tinged with red and faded...

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binding. It was a pale peach color... Then I notice the blonde wig on a Barnaboo. Barnaby themself were whistling cheerfully as they rinsed the bowl and then sawed the cranium, making a bowl. He used a femurs and fibulas to make chairs, phalanges to make pens and pencils and the ribs to make windchimes. It doesn't occur to me how he obtained them. His pink waistcoat was stained a brilliant scarlet. I gulp and cough awkwardly, leaving. "You do you, Papa... I'm gonna mind my business." I just found out they're gender fluid.

Chapter End Notes

I do not feel comfortable with people sexualizing minors. Jessi McMechanic is a minor who has been stalking and bullying another minor almost to the point where they try to commit suicide. This is not glorifying suicide and I do not consent to people projecting themselves in my OCs. And I do not feel comfortable about my work being sexualized.

# Chapter 3: Barnaby Transformation 1

Chapter Summary

> Sirius and Thalia are the adopted kids of Al Hedgehog (There are others but we are focusing on these two). it's once again a remnant of the rough drafts of Sonicphobia (which is a lot more unsavory. Only one person has seen the rough drafts and I intend to keep it that way because, hello, teenage years versus adult years???). There were originally four kids and two grandkids. But I decided not to do that because the story got lost.

It was a beautiful summer day. I was just sitting around reading a very good fanfiction when I hear the doorbell ring. I get up from the futon I was perched on, thinking, *I didn't order anything off of Amazon. But it could be the pizza man.* I opened the door, peeking outside. It was quiet save for the sounds of summer. Then I glance down. All I could see was a purple bowtie and a tweed jacket that looked like it was made for Shaq. "Heh. I'm going to bring this in and put it on for laughs." I told myself. That was the biggest mistake I ever made in my life.

I drag the oversized costume over to my room. I was lucky I had no pets or they might have trashed it. So I put the bowtie on first. To say that I looked stupid was an understatement. I looked in the mirror and cackled at myself. Then I put on the jacket. It was large, but I loved the texture. So I look at the brooch, seeing my face reflect in it before it distorted. *Huh!?* I put the orange brooch back, shaking my head. I felt *dizzy.* I muttered, "Better lay down." I close my eyes, hoping that the unpleasant spinning sensation is done.

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I woke up and decided to peek in the mirror. I noticed that the oversized outfit might have gotten a little smaller, but I decided not to pay attention to that. I peeked in the mirror and froze. My eyes are now orange, looking more like something out of a cartoon. "That can't be good." I whisper, reaching towards my face. My eyes are normally blue, but any semblance to me is vanishing. "Or it's just a dream. I'll fall asleep again and hopefully this might improve." My dumbass didn't realize that it was going to get worse.

I raced to the bathroom, washing my face the best I could. I heard something crack en route. I froze, staring as my feet burst out of the sneakers I was wearing. Two large black bird feet erupted from my shoes, and that's a problem because I have porcelain white skin. I stare at what my feet became, horrified. *What the frick is happening to me!? Wait... I use the f bomb! My own mind is changing too! I need to get away from my family before someone gets hurt!*

I stumbled to the front door, my arm getting heavier. I collapse to the ground, realizing that whatever I am transforming into is stronger than me. I lift my head, noticing that my mouth and nose became a beak. The orange eyes seemed to grow larger and crazier. I got frightened and I flapped my arms, surprised that I had taken off and started flying. My arms were no longer arms. They were *wings.* My whole body was now covered in obsidian feathers. I laughed, the hooting noise echoing. *Is this freedom!?* I know that I needed to go somewhere safe. *Haunted houses are my best option.* I knew that if anyone saw me, they would die.

I recalled seeing that thing I transformed into somewhere and I froze in the air. *Oh crap. I know what I became. Or rather... Who I turned into. I don't want to be like Barnaby!* I knew only one person who can hopefully change me back: my crazy, witchcraft obsessed sister. I flew faster towards the woods, surprised that I found her house easily. I landed, knocking with my new foot.

My sister opened the door, her brown hair ruffled and her eyes half open. They flew all the way open and she screamed. "Shit! Ghost owl!" She yelled, pouring a copious amount of salt on me. I shook it off, staring. *Well, that explains why I have the urge to kill things. Wonder how long this form has been dead.*

"Gah! Thalia, it's Sirius, for frick sake!"

"Jesus Christ, Sirius. What the hell happened to you!?" Thalia asked, "And don't you usually say 'fuck' instead of frick?"

"Long story short, I put this jacket and bowtie on."

"And that's where I'm stopping you. Because that is the first fuck up. Your second one was probably napping in it. You better hope you didn't kill anyone. That's strike three." My sister rolled her eyes, then she paled at the last part.

"I didn't!"

She sighed in relief, then she told me, "Alright. Which one of us are you, 'Barnaby'?"

"Sirius, I think. My memory is getting really bad." I responded.

"Strip."

"Pardon!?"

"How else are you going to undo that? That's how clothing curses work. When you take off the article, the form it carries melts off you."

I sighed, irritated. Then I took off the bowtie. I struggled with the purple jacket until Thalia helped. "Didn't Mom or Sonic teach you nothing?"

"I don't follow." I was unsure of who this Sonic was at this point.

"If it arrives on your doorstep and you didn't order it, get rid of it!" She replied, exasperated.

I was finally undressed. "Look away! How rude!" I exclaimed, covering myself with one wing.

"Oh, there's a side effect. You pick up some of the mannerisms of the cursed clothing's inspiration and one thing might change. I honestly don't know what." Thalia added, and my stomach dropped at the thought of having wings on my arms and explaining to my whole family that I wore clothes that were cursed to make me look like Barnaby from that game *Billie Bust Up*. "Go to sleep." She shooed me to a room.

I wanted to protest, but the sun was now rising. I reply, hooting, "Fine, oh-hoo! You're so funny when you're mad!" Then I yawned. "Night, Thalia. Love you."

"Night, 'Barnaby'. I love you too... Even if you do stupid shit." Thalia replied, but I didn't hear the rest. I was unconscious by then.

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The next morning, I yawn, then I look at my wings... Pardon, my arms. I glance at myself and bit back a holler of joy. *I'm back! I'm me again! I thought I was going to be stuck as Barnaby forever!* I hugged myself as I mused at it, then I got dressed. I peeked into the mirror, surprised that I found a scruffy haired, orange eyes boy staring... *My eyes are still orange!? Frick. I better hide this from Mom.* So I put on some sunglasses, grabbed a T-shirt, jacket, and jeans. *I look like Mom. If she kept her brown hair as an elite.*

# Chapter 4: Billie Bust Up Headcanons

*Fantoccio sometimes gets overstimulated so he curls up in a ball for a second and tries to wait it out (he is on the spectrum).

*The reason why Barnaby seems eager for anyone to join his parties is because he's also on the spectrum but he is forced to mask it by being overly social. His stims are probably on the magic or science behind the magic (probably the reason why he is dead). And if you watch how Barnaby's attitude shifts in a positive way when he talks about the many ways anyone could die (in his proposition cutscene), you can see Billie glare in disgust at one of his stims. I suspect another stim is the appearance of propriety just by looking at how he dresses and his mannerisms. Plus, some of Barnaby's expressions are over exaggerated sometimes (a symptom of masking autism).

*I suspect that Fantoccio and Barnaby are best friends (if the live stream is anything to go by). A good example of this: When Fantoccio is explaining to Barnaby what Among Us is, Barnaby is clueless but plays along happily (And if Barnaby was an imposter, nobody would know about it because he's technically a ghost owl).

*I think Aristotle is the only character not on the spectrum. He would be supportive and accommodating.

*In several death screens, Barnaby clearly states, "You try to keep things clean. I respect that." I think he's a Everything Has A Place kind of bird.

*Yes, Barnaby is really good at cooking and baking. That's a special interest of his.

*I feel like Barnaby would have a weighted blanket kicking around just for any guest at his parties who happen to be on the spectrum. His stims probably include reading, staring at a gem he owns, drawing and daydreaming when he isn't partying.

*Fantoccio would most likely be the kind of dude to have a stim board on Pinterest and would show Barnaby whatever he finds. And he would probably use popping tubes and bubble wrap.

*Barnaby's fidget toys would probably be a Rubix cube, one of those sliding puzzle things and a fidget slug.

*There's only one warning sign for Barnaby getting close to a meltdown: he preens his feathers when he is close to losing it and he might start crying.

*Fantoccio, on the other hand, would give you plenty of small clues that he is going to flip. Some of them include breaking character briefly if he was on stage, tapping his foot, and hiding his face in his hat.

*Billie would probably just get really soft before breaking. Her stim is petting Oscar just to calm down. So if you see her petting her fox, give her a minute.

*If I think of any more (and if I remember their names, since as of August 18, 2023, I'm considered a new fan) I will put them here.

*Aristotle would probably be the cool dad figure of the group.

* Billie would probably bounce her leg really fast if she likes something. Barnaby would flap his wings and run if he really likes something, but he would get a little flustered if others saw that. Fantoccio would flap his hands and rock on the balls of his feet if he enjoys something.

*Billie would probably also have a stim board. I think they would also keep fidget spinners and colored pencils on them.

* I think Barnaby might have some Jewish traits. Or he might have picked up a few Jewish mannerisms. That's entirely up to you.

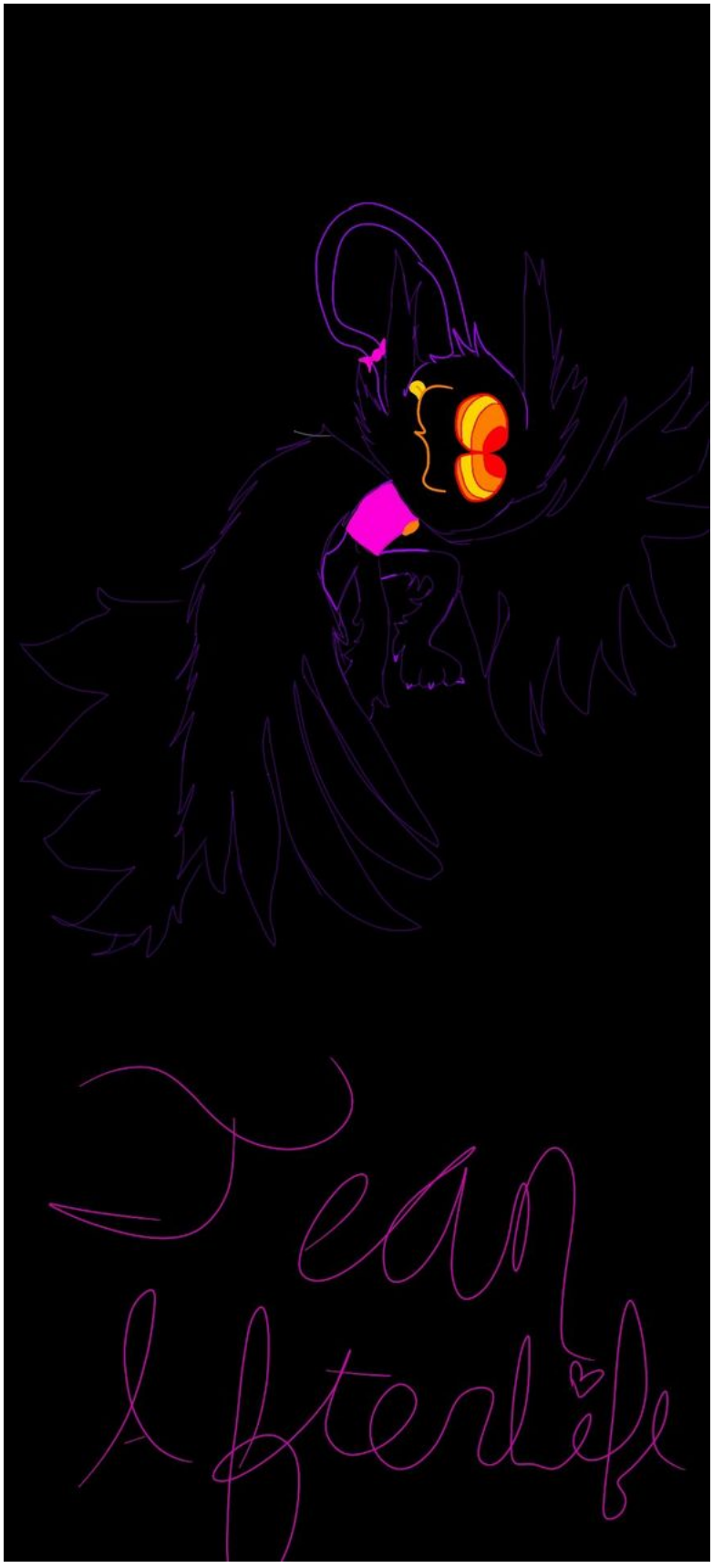
*Barnaby can say "fuck" but actively chooses not to, opting for "frick" instead. Fantoccio cannot say it, but I think Billie might have said it in front of Barnaby once. Aristotle would only say "fuck" if something goes severely wrong.

(These Headcanons either aged like wine or like milk)

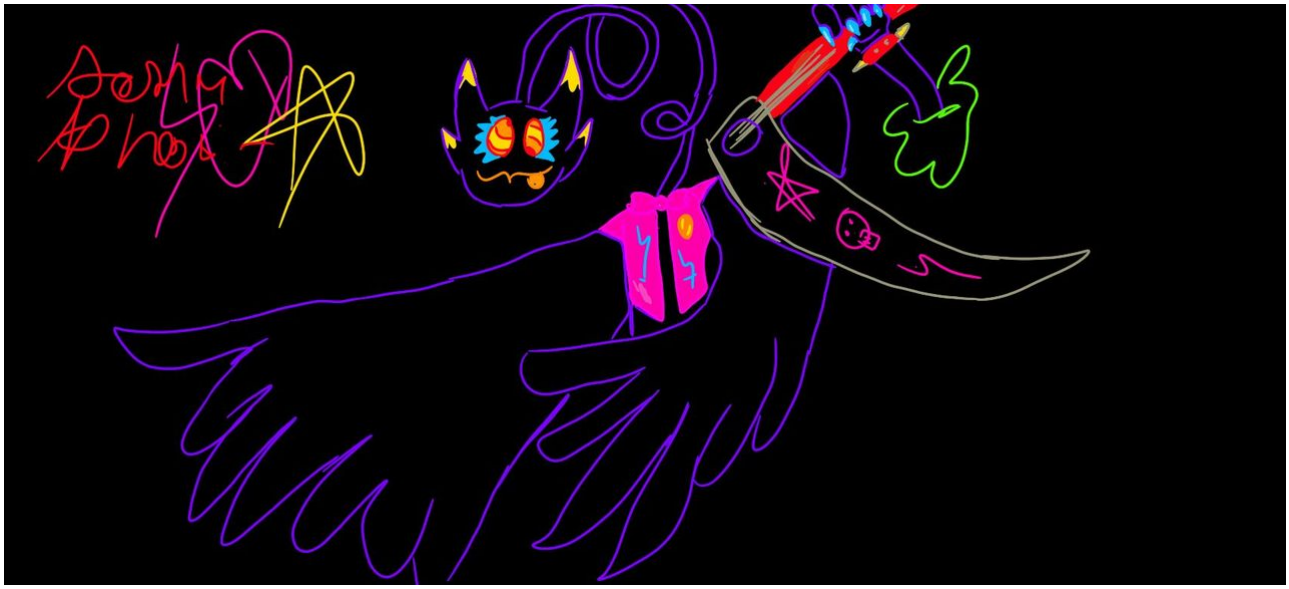
# Chapter 5: doodles

This is Gavin. You can directly talk to him on Tumblr. He's my OC. He's a ghost loon.

I experimented with a brush because I felt that the gem looked flat.



I drew Barnaby doing the Shadow pose from Sonic Adventure 2. And that's the last time I used a thin brush cuz he just looked invisible.



I got inspired by FNAF:SB.

He got wet. I'm honestly having too much fun drawing him this way.

Gavin! Put the fucking poison down! Oh... Uh... Nevermind.

More experimental shit.

# Chapter 6: Friday the 13th

I was walking around Barnaby's mansion helping with the decorating. It was daytime as I set up the decorations. I decided to go outside and enjoy the crisp weather. It was chilly but not unbearable.

I slip on a blazer and peek into Barnaby's room. Everything is dark. The owl of death himself was sleeping upside down, his orange eyes closed. His tongue was hanging out as he snored. I softly close the door so as to not awaken him. Then I sneaked outside. I felt like I forgot something important. I shrug it off, then I shift into my living human form. I stride through the forest.

I was treading carefully around Barnaby with my shapeshifting secret. I didn't want to be killed, so I'm very careful to hold my form. I sometimes lose touch with what it felt like to be alive. I skip through the forest, breathing in the crisp autumn air. I spot some blackberries so I picked a lot and put them in a container. "I hope Barnaby likes blackberry pie." I muttered to myself. Headmaster Sonic knows of my situation. When Barnaby is not looking, I complete my homework. I glance at my watch to see the time. *13:00*. I grin, standing up. Then I hear something crash overhead.

I glance around, finally gazing up. I froze. I can clearly make out a dark, bird shaped shadow. I quickly shifted into ghost human form, hiding. The bird stepped out of the shadows, and I bit back a gasp of terror. There was no denying the orange, swirling eyes, the pink tweed jacket and bowtie, or even the black feathers. His ear tufts are a little ruffled and he appeared to be annoyed. "Alison! Where are you!?" His fruity voice called out, his swirling eyes darting everywhere. I glance at my watch and noticed the date. *It was Friday the 13th.* I hold still as he moved on, calling my name with a stern voice similar to a parent.

When he left, I whipped out my smartphone and looked up bad omens. One particular segment in the article caught my attention, raising the hairs on my arm in alarm. *"Seeing an owl in the daytime is bad luck."* The article stated. I froze, my stomach twisting in knots. Barnaby is a ghost owl... *And he was out in the daytime!*

I grab my blackberries and took off running back to his house. I decided it was best not to look at Barnaby for the rest of the day. I kept running until... *CRASH!* I face planted into something. My blackberries fell to the ground and I fell on my face. I glance up to see one of Barnaby's lackeys... *This is bad! I crashed into one of his Barnaboos!* I realized. I look carefully. It was Timothy, the ghost who danced hard enough to break his spleen. "Alison. Barnaby is looking for you. And what's that? Blackberries? He is going to be quite pleased." Timothy commented. "I still have to get the host to let him know you're safe."

I pick up my blackberry score and continued running. I tripped on a thorn vine, getting scratched up. I yanked my foot loose just as I heard something whooshing in the trees. I picked myself up and kept running. I made it just before Barnaby arrived.

I scurry to the kitchen, wincing. *I will check that later!* I decided. I place the blackberries on the table in the kitchen and hurriedly finished decorating. I accidentally cut my hand on a particularly sharp decoration, and I bit back several swears. I was done in ten minutes. I hurried to the kitchen and patched myself up. I put some latex gloves on and started working. I began making the crust when I felt something grab my shoulder firmly. "There you are!" I hear a fruity male voice sharply call. I flinch. I don't dare turn around. "Where have you been? Turn around and face me!" I hear the voice order. I trembled. I could see Barnaby in the reflection of the window.

I didn't have an excuse ready. His orange eyes darted from my project, to the blackberries, to me. Then he turned me around almost harshly. I squeeze my eyes shut. I didn't want any more bad luck. "Grampy Barnaby. I can't look at you again until sundown." I whimpered nervously.

"And why not?" Barnaby's voice was sharper than knives as he asked this.

"It's daytime. You should be resting and getting ready for the party tonight." I tried to evade the questions. Nobody told me Barnaby is smarter than that.

"Alison. Look at me!" His voice screeched. I could feel his talons try to pry my eyes open. I back away, nervous as hell. "Why can't you look at ME!?" His voice screeched the last part.

I perform a sign of the cross, something I observed the more religious humans at STH Academy to do if they're terrified of Sonic. "Grampy Barnaby. You're an owl. A ghost owl at that. And you are out during the day." I reply.

"What does that have to do with anything, little Barnaboo?" He asked, his voice still sharp. His talon tapped the table out of annoyance. He didn't notice my injuries, thankfully. He hooted and flapped his wings as he waited. *Wait. Is Barnaby... Stimming!?* I realized. He hooted, waiting. I could feel the tension.

"It's really bad luck to see an owl awake during the day! And I don't want to ruin your party because of the bad luck I just got!" I finally snapped. He stopped hooting and flapping his wings. I think his jaw dropped a little.

It got silent. I realized that I might have offended Barnaby. I cower, trying to make myself smaller. "Alison. You actually believe in superstitious things like that?" Barnaby asked, his fruity voice quieter. "Oh-hoo-hoo-hoo-ha-ha!" He burst out into hooting laughter. He banged his talon against the table. I peek. Barnaby was hooting and flapping his wings. His black body trembled as his roaring laugh echoed. I see an orange liquid pour from his eyes. He used a talon to wipe a tear. "Alison! I'm sorry. I shouldn't be laughing, but it is hilarious!" He managed to choke out between hoots. I twisted a lock of hair and threw some salt on my shoulder. Then he slowly stopped laughing, gazing at me. He could clearly see my scared expression. He sighed. "Follow me." He gestured for me to follow. I obey. He lead me upstairs and into his room.

His room had many books, and he picked one out. He thumbed through it, glancing at me. He hooted as he read. I finally cannot contain myself. "Are you... Autistic by any chance?" I blurted out. Then I cover my mouth, scared that I may have offended him.

Barnaby turned his head slowly and stared at me. "Yes. I am indeed autistic, little Barnaboo." He replied, flapping his wings. "Why? Would you run away from the party if I was?" He asked, his voice deadly quiet.

"No. If I did, I would have never called you Grampy Barnaby. I guess you can say I have an autism radar." I replied. "I noticed that you only hoot and flap your wings when you are really happy or enjoying yourself. The flapping gets more aggressive when you're trying to calm down."

Barnaby placed his face close to mine. Really close. Like, his swirling eyes filled my vision close. "Oh-hoo-hoo-hoo-ha-ha... You saw me stimming." He said, hooting happily. Then he asked, "How did you know I was stimming?"

"Because I am autistic too... I stim on the paranormal." This was mostly the truth. I don't dare clue him in on my little secret.

He hooted, ruffling my hair with a wing. Then he kept reading. "Oh-hoo-hoo! I know how to counter your bad luck!" He hooted. Then he shut his book with a satisfying thud and he beckoned for me to follow.

I obey, stunned as he lead me to his dungeon. Then he lead me to an area that looks like witchcraft. He started working on something. I couldn't see what. He grabbed what looked like mustard seeds and poured the seeds into a bauble. He placed a red rose inside of the bauble and a lotus next to it. Then he made a black choker, fastening the bauble to it, hooting as he finished his little project. Then he placed the bauble on my neck. He hooted as he fastened it to my neck. "I made you a little something to counter your bad luck." He joyfully told me.

I touched the bauble delicately. I started relaxing. "All I know is that mustard seeds represent faith. So you have faith in this party and in me?" I asked, feeling very lightheaded from joy.

"Yes, and the lotus represents beauty, enlightenment, eternity, and prosperity. The rose represents good luck. You are protected from this bad luck." Barnaby hooted, using his wings to hug me. "So, why did you flap your wings like that?" He asked, his fruity voice concerned.

"It's Friday the 13th." I replied, snuggling.

"Little Barnaboo, this necklace will protect you from bad luck." He hooted. "And you're basically immune to bad luck as long as you wear it."

I realized that Barnaby has put his faith in his party going well on me.

# Chapter 7: Blooper

An ugly girl was running through the forest. She screamed, "You never told me what a race is! I'm drinking wine when I get back." She slowed down, her shit colored eyes darting from the forest path she was running on to her lolly. "Glad I didn't drop this. I'm going to have some hot [censored] with Chablis when I-!" She cut herself off when she heard some rustling above her head. She glanced up and froze.

Her pursuer was gazing at her with orange eyes. His bright orange tongue was sticking out and if the girl didn't know any better, she would say that her pursuer looked like something straight out of a cartoon (which she sees as something of low intellect and something only Americans watch). His beak opened to reveal an orange mouth and he hooted, giving indication that he was some sort of owl. His neck stretched to her eyes, his black feathers gleaming in the moonlight. "My dear, it's rude to run away from your death. This one is specially planned for you!" The voice sounded very educated and fruity. He gripped the girl in his talons, hooting. "Well, at least you have enough manners to introduce yourself to me, Emma." The bird spread his black wings and took flight, giving Emma a good view of his outfit. He was most certainly dressed like someone who went to Oxford with his purple tweed jacket and matching bowtie. The bird eyed her, commenting, "Didn't you already die in the last story involving me?"

A disembodied voice yelled, *Hold up! Barnaby, darling, you're kinda breaking the fourth wall. Archive of Our Own doesn't like that!*

The bird, Barnaby, froze. His sunset colored eyes glanced around, searching for the speaker. "Are you a ghost, my invisible friend?" He called.

*No. I'm the author. You can call me Puddie, Koneko, or Sonicphobia. I'm not giving my real name to protect myself. But, anyways, you're breaking the fourth wall.*

"Oh, my sincerest apologies, Mr... Puddie?" Barnaby hesitated, since he was genuinely unsure of the gender of the voice. It sounded young but also older at the same time. The gender seemed ambiguous to the bird.

*Miss, please. I identify as a female werehog that lingers in a special library called Wattpad.*

"Can I still give her a death to remember?" Barnaby asked, spinning his head curiously. His tongue is still sticking out, the inside of his orange mouth glowing.

*Go ahead. I'm not stopping you. I don't have that power. In fact, carry on smartly and just pretend I'm not here. I'm just the Werehog recording current events. It's entirely up to you.*

"Thank you very much! Oh-hoo!" He hooted, grinning at Emma. He flew back to his humble estate, entering through a coffin shaped window. "Home sweet home!" He chortled as he landed on the carpet. He dragged the brown haired girl through. "You can't possibly join the party like this!" He hooted, ducking into the kitchen. Then he placed Emma on a hook, his sunset-gold eyes full of insanity.

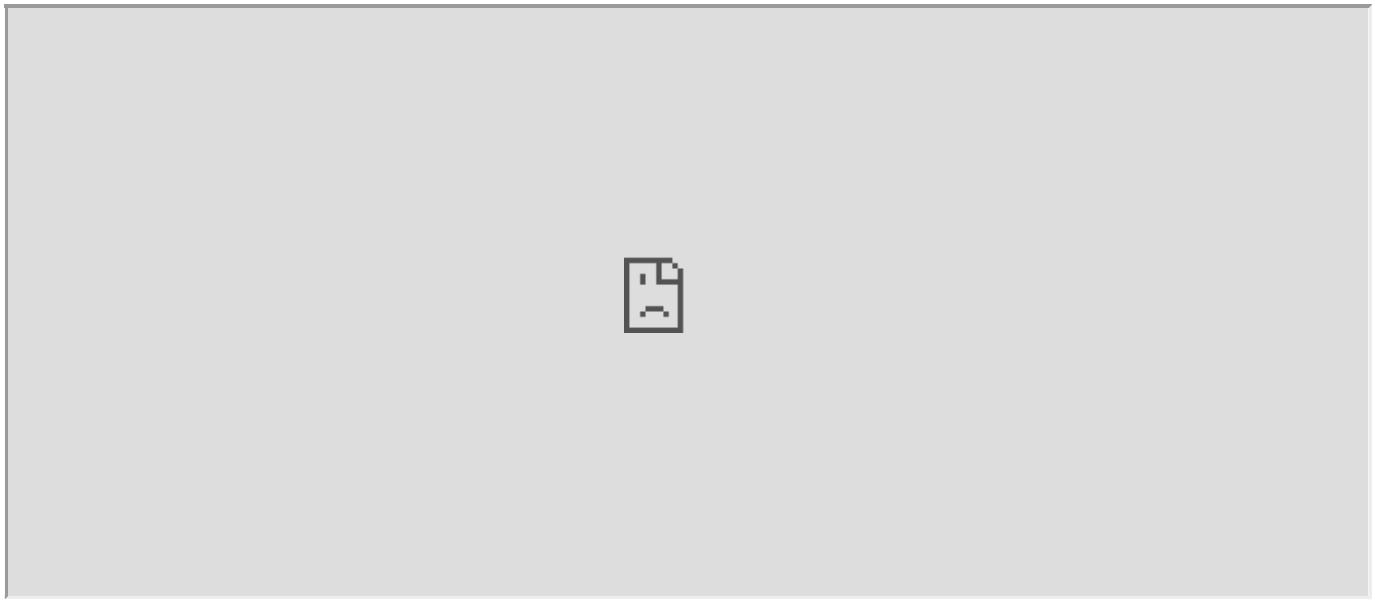
Emma asked excitedly, "Is there wine at the party? Singing? Dancing? [Redacted]?" She grinned at the thought of having some new ways to test out this bird.

The bird smirked, his mouth glowing orange. "Yes, and the best part is that your death is going to be the most fun!" He hooted, twisting and bending his neck. "And judging by your low intellect and overall rudeness, your death should be fitting!" Barnaby exclaimed, puffing his feathers out.

Emma froze, her shit eating grin wavering. "What...?" Then she smirked again. "Ghosts are not real. The afterlife is not real!" She smirked, believing her atheism would save her.

"Then what have you been talking to, my dear?" Barnaby exclaimed, fading into purple mist. The only thing that remained before fading were the insane eyes.

Emma's stomach dropped. "It's just a parlor trick. Magic isn't real." She told herself. Then she thought about the bird's grip. It felt cold... Lifeless to Emma. But she assured herself, "That bird is not dead. He is lying." She wriggled out of her predicament... Right into a blender. "He was joking." She told herself, trying (and failing) to get out. Then Barnaby returned, hooting and singing an unpleasant tune. It sounded like this:



That was when Emma got a good idea on Barnaby's true nature: he was genuine about how she should die. Emma tried to beg, but that was when she felt something wet fall on her. She glanced up to see the obsidian owl pour milk on her. Then she felt something cold. She realized it was ice cream. She hurriedly began to eat, hoping she is not heavy enough to die from lactose overdose. Then she heard the sound of something whirring. She felt pain in her stomach, and she tried to scream. But her muffled scream was silenced as one blade sliced her head off.

Barnaby finished making the shake, then he turned to find a beautiful figure. Her bright green eyes were latched on him, but her fur was see through. "Dear, do you want a special milkshake?" Barnaby offered, pouring the mixture into a cup.

"No thank you. I don't eat uneducated trolls. But I can suggest a lovely cherry pie recipe." The figure spoke in that same voice as the disembodied voice from earlier.

"How many times did she die?" Barnaby asked, excited over the thought of having a plaything that wouldn't die.

"I'm honestly ashamed to admit this, but I don't know." The figure replied, shrugging her shoulders. She was wearing a black dress with a corset (very fashionable to Barnaby). She hugged the oversized bird, nuzzling her muzzle into his jacket. "You're genuinely sweet." She murmured.

That made the bird freeze. When was the last time he was described as sweet? It has been decades since he was last described as such a word. Barnaby felt something tingling within. He stuck his tongue out and grinned, gently preening the figure to show his appreciation for the compliment.

**A special thanks to all of my followers and friends. You must really like my writing.**

End Notes

I'm going to state that Jessi McMechanic is a minor but still an asshole here and I do not feel comfortable about people sexualizing minors.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!